Listener

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Hi, I'm a listener and I'm all ears
I've been spoke down to for years
With words designed to cause tears, but they don't
Hey, I'm a whisperer and I soak in jeers
Been forced to face my fears
With accusations of wasted years, but I'll float
Cuz hey, I'm a helpless dreamer with a gift to hear
And a curse to expose what's going on here
Trapped against my will in a world that's weird, with no hope
For real I am a listener and here's a little FYI...
Manchild smashes the track with the passion of ten men
On some Wizard of Oz type telepathic magic as we blend in
Send trends packing, intercepted at the entrance
Descended from a long line of penitential strong minds
Designed for the long haul. Surprised we got this far?
You paid dues? Me too, I charged mine on my credit card
So if with every car that passes, you scream, "I Got To Have It"
Think of an honest face who contemplates throwing himself into traffic
And grab for the tangible, beyond average with your lives
Why?, it worked for me and mine, DS5, F.Y.I
Yo I'm out of my mind some say out of my kind
Blind to the beckon of the flesh during the grind
Blind to the hatred that I've stored up in my mind
Blind to the taste of cheap vinegar wine
Cuz I'm inclined share time, take a sip from the cup of Christ's suffering
Sivion shines Lumens plus this beat's Dusting them
Hustling souls for the Harvest like wheat
Those that were the coldest are now closest to the Heat
It's all about intent son tell me what your aim is
Lost Step Deepspace 5 saying...
Bang this dangerous masterpiece
And let the crowd repeat the technique that I speak
I'm letting each come get a piece son of the least one
Expected to rock mics for the kingdom
You know how we done, hold your ear drum for ransom
take your soul like I'm Shang Tsung
For your inspiration prescribe this
Fine lyricists with the gab that's gifted
Keep my hands lifted, through the sands sifted
Try to catch the phrase but you missed it
Yo, written and listed, deep in the ranks my data banks
Read thanks for providing the stretching of gas tanks
For the push talking to the bush that flamed He's been the same
Since He pre-ordained the first thought I entertained
Before the ink stained sheets hanged
Drying in the mainframe of brain counting the rain
Let it be symbolic to frolic thru every bar
Drying in the sun ray, chasingone way
While gun play speech that some say reach, and inspire
I look to higher flows dipped in bleach
Still ill, still tripping in
Still skill, still with
Labklik
Still your reason for wanting to rap
Still the mc you wish would come back
Still making tapes. Still digging thru crates
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Still dissing wack MCs, still doing whatever it takes

Still spitting paragraphs with hidden meanings And ill's still dreaming, still a beat fiend and... Still collecting information. Still climbing constellations Still in the lab, still coercing beat combinations Still steady doing it for your inspiration A-yo I stapled the Appalachian pattern Made the maple leaf creep as she climbs the limb ladder Carved a cavern out of chaos filled with little lanterns Called it space and with my fingers traced my face across the fabric The magic I had made inspired all that followed after I'm God who scatters notes that resonate through starry rafters I made the cripple skip around the block and back again I made the dumb to whistle to the beat of his own adrenaline My blood and body broke like bread to see you through I did it just for you, I did it just for you Well I question most thoughts that peruse my three pounds Universe to stay molded with the shape I was called to hold Sold with the highest dues paid Cuz we chose to blessed with this curse in His name So rebuild with the mic His words give you what you need And I'm a blood donor squeezing the pen until it bleeds And I'm a soldier, repping everything I believe Wear it on my sleeve and replace Fendi and Gucci Deepspace 5, the point man holds 'em off From the 5-1-8, Albany New York